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GLORY.

There in the heart of the field,
All blazoned with youth's bright blood,
Where the ring of sword on shield
Made mimic thunders that pealed,
A youth with a lance and a rapier glance
Forward led the last advance.
Twenty bayonets pierce his breast,
Red as the wounded, dying West.
Twenty bayonets dripping wet
With blood of him that dying met
The wielder of each bayonet
With a waving hand and a smile for each,
And died the man of a bloody breach.

T. P. TRAVERS, '99.

THE INFLUENCE OF THE THIRTY-YEARS WAR ON GERMAN LITERATURE.

THERE are ebbs and tides in literature. Progress does not depend so much on able men as on opportunity and good luck. It does not argue that a nation is lacking men of genius when its advance is stopped; by no means. There is as much talent passing silently into obscurity as appears to the public. A decline can not absolutely be the fault of individual persons; but for a great part it must be ascribed to contingent events and unfavorable circumstances.

Literature does not proceed on a straight way to perfection, its sublime ideal. In fact, that golden goal cannot be reached by mortals in their frame of dust. Yet the stream of literature flows ever on, now entering different branches, then winding through varied, quite novel sceneries. If its scenery is destroyed all charm is lost; if the waters are obstructed in their onflow, it will decay.

The Thirty-Years War not only singed the fresh, vernal surrounding, it not only obstructed the progress of the little stream; but it effaced the whole surrounding and stopped the river at its source.

German poesy had partly recovered from the severe blow inflicted upon it by the Reformation. Duke Julius Henry of Brunswick took upon himself the noble task of advancing art and science, specially literature. Himself an enthusiastic lover

of letters and a poet of note, Julius drew the best poets to his court. Spring, indeed, seemed to dawn upon the nation; they admired already its first flowers. Above all there was prospect for a happy revival of dramatic poetry. But instead of the anticipated season of bloom and blossom a long and hard winter set in—the Thirty-Years War.

War in itself, as history clearly shows, is hostile to all arts; hence the proverb: “*Inter arma silent musae.*” The Thirty-Years War proved most disastrous to poetry, for it not only left death and desolation, but marked its path with special traits affecting the mind and character of the German nation. This war, in the first place, dealt a terrible blow at morals. Poverty, devastation, and blood were shocking marks tracing its route through numerous districts. Forgetfulness of God and almost brutal depravity followed like a suffocating smoke the brand of war, and hovered like a spiritual fog for a long period over cities and villages.

At places where war lasted longer and where its dreadful influence was most strongly exerted, you could see despairing women sacrificing their modesty with a diabolical laughter; you beheld men, peaceful tillers of the soil, now disturbed, robbed, and maltreated, eagerly following the call of the war-drum. Those who had outlived the hurricane of war set out to murder and plunder in turn. Universities, up to this time the just pride of Germany, could but little influence their students, who, following the impetuosity of youth, became wild bands of adventurers. Thus science

was neglected, and the little that existed yet was mostly superficial knowledge or mechanical study. Since schools, colleges, and universities were deserted it was a natural consequence that the greater part of the nation hastened with equal quickness to ignorance and debasement, as it had advanced to science and perfection. Not only the older generation, but also the younger that outlived the war, and was to be the germ of a new nation, imbibed most of these baneful influences. How could it be otherwise? In what school did youth grow up? Totally ignorant of the blessings of peace, it heard and saw nothing but misery and sadness. Was it possible that national poesy could flourish after war had infected heart and mind of the nation? National poetry was till then in a blooming condition, but anticipated by the poisonous breath of war it withered and died. We find some war-songs, but their merit was so small that they passed into oblivion almost the very day they came into existence. A single song, "Prince Eugene," has outlived its time; it is even today one of the many popular airs of Germany.

The war caused poverty and depopulation. Saxony, e. g., numbered before the war three million inhabitants, while there remained only eight hundred thousand after the war. How was it possible for the drama to flourish under such circumstances? "The drama," says Eichen-dorff, "requires a certain wealth and a refined people. The drama is the luxury of poetry, but our bankrupt Germany had now neither of these." The so-called drama of that time contained con-

tinuous scenes of murder, sad pictures of the war. The corruption of the drama is well expressed in the following: "Der grobianische Gesell und Humpelmann betrat die Buehne, dass die Bretter krachten; der Hanswurst hatte alle Helden ueberlebt." (Eichendorff.)

Most literary productions of this time are lost in the sequence of more prosperous periods. Some of the most learned men were greatly scandalized by such sad proceedings; but what could they do? To save the drama from utter ruin, they composed a number of school-comedies, festive and other plays of little value; they even offered a willing hand to the opera which was then introduced. But all their exertions were of little or no use for the progress of the drama. Opitz and Lohenstein, the leaders, were indeed learned men, but no poets at least not poets of note. To this must be added the holy inviolable law which restricted the dramatic poet so very much. This was the law of unity of time, place, and action. So rigid a rule allowed but a narrow range that the composer was forced to fill his first acts with simple narrations, to give the public a clear understanding of the play. Even the production of Shakespeare's plays in Halle and Dresden could not break this hampering rule. It must solely be ascribed to this silly rule that Gryphius, whose remarkable abilities should have raised him to a higher plane, did but very little to elevate the German drama. The national pride of the Germans was still more weakened by this war. A poet must be proud of his nationality; he must be the speaking organ of

his nation: but German pride, before so weak and wavering, was now almost entirely extinguished.

Foreigners waged this war on German ground; foreigners sat in judgment over German citizens; foreigners divided among themselves Germany's riches and territories; foreigners dictated peace and its conditions; and foreigners retained the right to lord in purely German affairs. Thus Germany was divided and dissolved.

Was there any possibility for artificial poetry to flourish under such circumstances? Could the poet free himself from the shackles of imitation of foreign artists? No. Epic poetry was very nearly unknown. Only the religious epic "Olivetum" by Gryphius and the descriptive "Tour of Persia" by Flemming are worthy of mention.

Learned poets took up the romance with eager delight, and numerous tales of more than one volume were offered to the public. Most of these romances are happily forgotten. But one, a picture of those times, must interest us: "Simplicissimus" by Grimmelshausen.

Lyric is at home in all places; neither could the Thirty-Years War oppress its growth. Thus we can yet gather a handsome bouquet of lyric flowers. Religious hymns like those of Father Faber are very numerous. We but recall the names of Flemming, Paul Gerhardt, Angelus Silesius, Fr. von Spee, and Dach. Worldly songs lacked all warmth and sympathy. Hence here we find but few who stood firmly on their own feet. Many, nay, the most, translated and imitated and often with but little dexterity.

The Thirty-Years War also begot the "Lohn-dienerei." This war dissolved unity in Germany. Petty princes sought for independence. A natural consequence of this was that the same spirit infected all inhabitants, above all those who had a special interest in the favor of rulers. Is not this a dangerous cliff for poets? And indeed the art of song was misused for rivaling flattery. Epic and dramatic poetry could not fittingly serve for this purpose, but in their stead we find a host of occasional poems, coated with sugar and honey the lords delighted to sip. We but call attention to those "Leberreime."

Another disadvantage brought on by this war was a vast influx of foreign words into the German language. Already before the war the German language had borrowed many words, but now it was wholly distorted by them. The fury of war had all nations to meet in Germany: French, Italians, Spaniards, Hungarians, Swedes, etc. Each of these nations left some peculiarities of their language. Could this be an advantage for the German language? The form of poesy however against all expectation was far better than the thought thereof. Thanks to the zeal of Opitz and his school, and to the endeavors of numerous societies whose aim it was to rescue from destruction and to build upon ruins. Though the language was not so corrupted as could be expected, yet it was low enough. This is clearly shown in the drama "Horribiliscrififax" by Gryphius.

Thus we see that the time of the Thirty-Years War is a vast desert in German literature. But few oases delight us, and persevering labor was necessary to irrigate and fructify this barren track of land.

VITUS A. SCHUETTE, '99.

ON THE BANKS OF THE TIBER.

I FEEL that I have something to write for the COLLEGIAN, but I perceive at the same time the utter inability to write anything worth appearing in print. First of all, ever since I received the first number of the fifth volume of the COLLEGIAN, I determined to express my most sincere congratulations to the new staff and to all who have a hand in the make-up of this splendid monthly; and now, after reading No. 2, I cannot refrain from doing so in plain, very plain words, betraying no book-learnin' or Dictionary use.

Furthermore, if my mind were more at rest, I would write a paper with the heading, "*On the Banks of the Tiber*," in order to call the attention of the pious readers to a little church recently constructed on the right bank of the blonde river, quite near Castel S. Angelo. A churchman will gladly talk about churches, and I would do so the more readily on this occasion, as I had to visit this small temple every day during the past month of November. It indicates the spot where a large house of worship, dedicated to the Sacred Heart, is to be erected in the near future.

Visitors to Rome are mistaken when they expect to see an evidence of Roman piety and worship in the large Basilicas and churches of the city. They must, on the contrary, visit the smaller and out-of-the-way churches; there they will find people of all classes attending their devotions and

will be surprised to see grave gentlemen deeply absorbed in their prayer, counting their beads—sometimes arms outstretched—with the fervor of a lonely hermit. The little church on the bank of the Tiber is one of the many where such an edifying spectacle can be witnessed.

A large painting over the entrance informs us that the faithful are here invited to remember the poor souls in their prayer. From five o'clock A. M. until noon every half an hour Masses are said without interruption for the repose of the dead. An evening service is held for the same purpose; and during November there is a sermon every day bearing more or less on the wholesome thought of praying for the defunct. This oratorical work was entrusted to me this year, and it gave me great satisfaction to notice that it was favored with heavenly blessings.

Thus I had to cross the historical Tiber twice, and occasionally four times, a day, never omitting to throw a glance into the yellow stream below which was particularly interesting during last month on account of its rise and fall caused by frequent and furious rains. The waters rushing wildly toward the Mediterranean are always suggestive of many serious and pious thoughts.

Near Ostia on the bank of the Tiber another small but ancient temple reminds us of the antiquity of Catholic belief in Purgatory. It is the little church of St. Aurea, where St. Monica was first interred. When she was about to breath her last, she told her son Augustine not to worry about the resting-place of her body, but entreated him

to implore rest and peace to her soul, especially at the holy sacrifice of the Altar. The place has since turned into a desolate marsh.

The new church on the bank of the Tiber in Rome may be regarded as a substitute of that of the fourth century. At any rate the fervor of the pious worshippers who love to pray in this small church is an evidence of the consolations bestowed on the living of the nineteenth century, when they pray as their fathers did, for the repose of the dear departed.

J. SCHAEFER, C. PP. S.

Rome, Dec. 4th, 1898.

NEW YEAR.

Another year in spotless gear
Has hailed us with its gladsome cheer;
But though it glad and gay appear,
We doubt, suspect, and ask with fear,
What gifts bestows the new-born year
On us and those beloved and dear?
Will it our boat toward fortune veer?
To luck or good or evil steer?
Capricious fame's gilt temple rear?
Bring days of joy all bright and clear?
Or hours of sorrow, dismal drear?
Or loving smile or bitter tear?
But solemn answer strikes our ear:
" 'Tis best for all that sojourn here
To know not till my end is near,
Till you shall stand beside my bier."

D. A. B. '98.

THE PROMPTER.

(SUFFLEUR.)

“The play is done; the curtain drops;
Slow falling to the prompter’s bell.”

Thackeray, End of the Play.

LAST November we had the pleasure of seeing and hearing several singers of world-wide fame performing in the Grand Opera at Chicago. These singers command a salary passing all belief, while on the contrary there is one performer at the opera that is unknown to the audience and whose services are rather scantily remunerated. We mean the prompter, a person stationed behind the scenes or in a covered box at the front of the stage, for the purpose of assisting the actors when they are at a loss by repeating to them the first words of a sentence.

Such an unassuming and ill-requited person was the late Ferdinand Hirt, the best and ablest prompter of our time. Mr. Hirt had for many years filled the position of a prompter at the Royal Theatre in Vienna, and managed by ear and eye that stage on which many of the most renowned singers have made their debut. He knew the weak points of the great artists, whom he aided as a welcome savior in accordance with his calling, although he himself often stood in need of material assistance; for great was the responsibility resting upon him, but little the recompense given in return. In his early manhood he had been a comic

singer, but soon, as it often happens in life, he disclaimed all glory and applause in order to gain a livelihood for himself and his family. Hence he became the "right-hand" of the director of music and felt content in prompting for other and greater singers than himself.

Formerly the opera singers of Vienna required little or no assistance whatever in recalling their parts once memorized; consequently, the prompter's task was a comparatively easy one. However, Emil Scaria, the great singer, frequently caused him annoyance. Our singer would often return from a hunt to the court-theatre to render "Leporella" or "Rosco," his mind still filled with thoughts of game. Then it was that whilst he was making his toilet he would send a little note to Mr. Hirt with the urgent request: Direct me carefully this evening especially in those parts in prose. Mr. Hirt never failed to comply and the next morning he would invariably receive from the hunter and singer a hare or a box of cigars. Mr. Hirt was none of those emotional prompters you are apt to find on the Italian stage. The Southern prompter leans his upper body forward and beats time with both arms out-stretched; he directs not unlike the leader of the orchestra but with a greater amount of nervous excitement. Ferdinand Hirt was a firm, quiet, and unassuming German prompter; the repertoire he had at the tip of his finger. On one occasion when Hans Richter, the greatest orchestral leader of modern time, began without using the orchestral score to direct the opera, "The Mastersingers," Hirt forthwith

closed the prompt-book and prompted the entire opera from memory. Such was his pride and ambition. Nor was he less proud of being so well acquainted with all the needs and peculiarities of the Vienna opera-singers that the slightest nod was sufficient to obtain his aid if necessary. The gentlemen were wont to cause him greater anxiety than the ladies, and why? The lady-singers, as a rule, remaining at home the livelong day, would carefully rehearse their respective parts and mount the stage in the evening better prepared and less distracted than the gentlemen-singers, who during the day had been compelled to move more freely in society. Hence Mr. Hirt was but very slightly acquainted with the lady-singers, save Antonia Schlaeger, at present the greatest dramatic singer and a very noble lady of whom he always spoke with great veneration. She loved to be directed not only by the leader of the orchestra but also by the prompter in order to dodge the unpleasantness of counting musical measures, and she could depend on Mr. Hirt whose intonation was always pure and true. He possessed a correct and complete knowledge of the power of his voice, which by means of his funnel-shaped hands he could send out in all directions so skillfully that amid the voluminous sound of hundred human voices and an equal number of musical instruments his word was heard and understood by the very soloist for whom it was intended then and there. His assistance was never wanting, particularly when most needed. It seemed as if minute electric wires were communi-

cating common sentiment between himself and the actors. Such was especially the case as often as a quintet or sextet appeared on the stage. The members of such an ensemble although observing the same rhyme sing each a different text: the one loves, the other hates, the third hopes, the fourth despairs, the fifth sighs, the sixth rejoices; nor can all of these be sustained in their respective roles, hence the prompter must mark who needs him most. Mr. Hirt distinguished himself above all in prompting soloists. Even Reichmann, the most powerful Wotan of the German opera, was an impotent god without the prompter's support, wherefore he thrust his sword into the prompt-box one evening in order to rouse its occupant to active assistance, and he received it. In fact, the gentlemen-singers were seldom embarrassed in rendering their parts; but what about the lady-singers? A mysterious language the symbolic signs of which no one else could explain, held Mr. Hirt in touch with the charming artists of the Royal Opera.

Whenever Miss Soprano would trip her light fantastic toe, or Miss Alto send forth from her dark eyes flashes of lightning, or Mrs. Contralto gently nodding smile in a mysterious manner, all these turns were meant not for the audience, as many erroneously supposed, but they were intended as so many signals for the prompter. Frequently Mr. Hirt would be greatly annoyed on account of the variety of the text which the singers had studied from the different editions of Breitkopf, Peters, or Schubert.

Ferdinand Hirt, the ablest "Souffleur" of this century, whom death like a thief in the night snatched from the prompting-box and placed into a narrower casket, is now no longer molested by the various texts of opera singers, but hears naught save the weeping willows' whisper unceasing and never changing.

CARL HEMMERSBACH, Professor of Music.

KENILWORTH.

HISTORY is considered an important branch of study, for it helps to educate and to develop a certain individuality and firmness of character. Owing to its utility, various methods have been applied in the pursuit of history, of which the historical novel is the most pleasing.

An historical novel centres its interest on some memorable event or some great characters of history, giving us not a didactic sketch of facts and dates, but a complete picture nicely shaded with additional incidents, real or fictitious. If the novel incorporates the philosophy of history, the manners and doings of the people concerned with the principal motives by which they were actuated, in clear and at the same time fascinating terms, it answers its purpose.

No English novelist has been more successful in this field than Walter Scott. His novels cover a broad field of history the delineations of which

are most vivid and, at the same time, very accurate. Considering the general merit of his historical novels, "Ivanhoe" is the most classic and the most popular of all; but looking to the exquisite characterization and picturesque description, this has a worthy rival in "Kenilworth."

As an historical novel "Kenilworth" represents to us the time of Queen Elisabeth, the life of her courtiers with its lights and shades in the bold and imaginative manner in which Scott's pen is wont to relate. Its interest is based on the secret and unhappy marriage of Count Leicester with poor Amy Robsart.

It is said that the Earl of Leicester was often signally favored by the Queen; and it was soon rumored abroad that Elizabeth intended to confer the crown upon him; but being already privately united with Amy Robsart, a virtuous and sincerely loving wife, Leicester is actuated by the vain-glory of becoming king of England and gives orders to dispose of Amy in any manner possible. From this event Scott spun out an excellent novel portraying court-life in its real state.

One of the chief means of success in this work is the great variety of characters, very natural and nicely distinct from each other, though regarding their office and state of life they may stand on the same level. It comprises almost any character, good and bad, bold and timid, magnanimous and cruel-hearted, outspoken and tricky. All, however, act in accordance with their true nature.

The portrayal of Queen Bess is indeed masterly executed. Masculine and haughty in bearing,

she shows a very sagacious mind and is well aware of the necessity of having about her able statesmen by whose counsels she may be guided. Still her royal traits of character are not exempt from the whims and foibles of the weaker sex, which she exhibits in her actions toward her favorite courtiers, especially toward the handsome and officious Earl of Leicester.

The character of Dudley, Earl of Leicester, is most skillfully held in regard to his ambitious, passionate and intriguing disposition. His love for Amy was but temporary and insincere, being soon extinguished by his uncontrollable ambition. Seeing a great obstacle on his onward course to fame in his marriage with Amy Robsart, he secludes his unfortunate wife at "Cumor Hall" with the promise soon to declare her openly as his wife. Yet his real intention was to poison her, which was to be accomplished by Varney, his valet—a villain of villains. Though occasionally he seems to be moved with pity for poor Amy, his wretched ambition and duplicity of character always gain the upper hand.

Villainy could not have been better personified than it is by the character of Varney. He is a rogue in the true sense of the word; not however one of those low scoundrels that are often betrayed by their rough and roguish appearance. Gallant in deportment, ready-witted in conversation, very officious and seemingly loyal toward his master, and brave in the utmost danger, he hides his real character and the selfishness of his motives under the cloak of hypocrisy. He knows how to gain

the confidence of other men and to share in their secrets in order to use them as tools of his reckless villainy. Varney is one of those villains most refined and therefore to be dreaded most.

Amy Robsart is an ideal character, typifying woman in her most noble traits of character to the last moment of her unfortunate and romantic life. She loves her husband most tenderly. She not once doubted the veracity of her husband's love towards her, though she cannot understand the cold and mysterious treatment he bestows on her. A perfect model of honesty, she never thought of being treacherously imposed upon, and shows obedience to her husband in every respect.

Many other characters, such as Tressilian, the unfortunate lover of Amy, attract our attention as we pursue the pages of this interesting and gloomy story. But besides the characterization, it is the descriptive power of Scott that commands our admiration. The description of "Cumor Hall" is highly picturesque; also the splendid and flattering reception of Queen Bess at Kenilworth, the castle of the Earl of Leicester, is portrayed in a vivid and poetical manner.

The story taken in its entirety is excellent, and we may safely admit that many a reader will put the book aside, saying to himself: Indeed, I have read much about "Queen Bess," her courtiers, and the prevailing manners of the time, but nowhere have I found so clear and fascinating a treatise on this epoch of history as in this one novel of Scott,—in Kenilworth.

PROTUS L. STAIERT, '99.

TEUTONIC HEARTS.

(A translation.)

She flung aback her golden curls,
Her eyes flashed fiery lightning:
‘O speak no more, my best of earls,
And true, of love’s sweet bright’ning.

“The land around in sacred smart
From thousand wounds is bleeding;
Thou hast no real Germanic heart,
If still untouched, unheeding.

“Thy oath of love no more assure,
But warriors’ vows are holy;
No longer moves the Troubadour—
The trooper’s ballad solely.

“I like not roses purple-hued
On meadows gently blowing,
Since death grows roses blood-bedewed
In furious battles glowing.

“For my divided native land
My doleful days I o’er,
To her I vow my feeble hand,
My mute lament I proffer.

“O be a man and take the field,
To check the foe’s endeavor:
If back a hero brave, I yield
My love to thee forever.”

II.

He threw him mute upon his steed,
A rider mute he parted;—
And ere the day was done with speed
To fiery contest darted.

When thrice had closed the eye of day
A troop of hussars is plighted
To guide him to the steel array
At Leipsic still united.

At Moeckern first they make a halt
Where "Father Bluecher" thunders
And furious with a fierce assault
The hostile column sunders.

Advance! Retreat! and cries and cheers
And drumming, noise, and rattle;—
The count joins York's choice grenadiers
Right in the midst of battle.

Another yell! the battle-cry!
And through the leaden shower
With leveled weapon bold they fly
To crush the hostile power.

Advance! Advance! the count first meets
The Franks with lusty dagger;
And by assault and daring feats
They seize the lines that stagger.

The champion with hardy blows
Right to their midst advances,
And soon an eagle from his foes
His glory still enhances.

He wildly shouts 'mid wounds and woes
That Prussia is victorious—
Then drops his arm; a purple rose
He chose a victor glorious.

III.

Her kindly eyes, like May-days clear,
Were all aglow and tender;
Said her sweet voice: "Be welcome dear,
True lover! brave defender!"

“A feat heroic thou hast wrought,
Thy fairest prize recover!—
Both night and day of thee I thought,
Embrace me, faithful lover!”

“I can no more collect,” said he,
“Love’s dues so sweet and cheerly:
While picking up a rose for thee
Its thorn has stung severely.

“Behold! with lance and sword my right
Arm no more gives protection;
You must not choose a crippled wight,—
But knight of full perfection.

“Adieu!” he turns, but her embrace
Permits him not to sever;
She clings to him with love and grace
To cling to him forever.

“Thy left hand’s near thy heart; it’s mine;
My love shall never smother:
For she that found a heart like thine
Can brook to miss the other.” D.A.B. '98.

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EDITORIALS.

“This world is a difficult world indeed,
And men are hard to suit,
For the man that plays on the violin
Is a bore to the man with the flute.”

Among the many trials that vex our human kind, one of the sharpest is that one burgeoning from the relation of man to man. Here Dante moved

a mighty shadow and here in all his monstrous fleshiness dwelt Falstaff. Amid these conflicting types how can we strike that balanced type, which will make us all things to all men? One perfect specimen we have in Shakespere; but he attained this excellence by a kind of intuition; he dropped his nature into this focus of universal types. Iago was as ready to his hand as Cordelia, and in between the poles rollicks a merry populace in whose lives are blended the shade and shine of all human moods. Unto few men is this largeness of nature given as a birth-right; in the general run of men it is a resultant of multitudinous forces which, taken collectively, are called education. Some men are happier than their fellows in being the centre of more quickening forces that act upon most men. Among the favored class may be reckoned all Catholics and especially the Catholic student; those isolated from the vivifying forces are all those advisedly or unwittingly without the pale of the Church on earth. Given fair lines to work along, Catholicity is the one great educator; other so-called systems have merit only in as far as they incorporate Catholicity. The first great and patent fact crying aloud to the truth of this assertion is that the Catholic student heirs the intelligence of nineteen fruitful centuries. And this inheritance is not a useless one, a possession which he cannot understand. His training from the cradle to the grave fits him to enter into his inheritance, makes him see, that his inheritance is a living, beautiful thing, shot through with the white glow of divinity and stained with the warm,

red blood of love. Now it is a fact which must appear to the veriest secularist that the reformers of the sixteenth century disinherited themselves from the riches of all Christian times before them. They willingly put themselves and their followers outside of the spirit which animates those fifteen centuries. When Martin Luther burned the papal bull, he burned along with it the intelligence of Christian times, so far as he and his followers were concerned. And when Protestant writers of to-day speak of the medieval spirit, they lustrate the effects of this disinheritance. They speak of the barrenness of medieval religion, as if they were qualified to talk about it, which they are not. No more are they than a person who looks at a stained window from without doors is equipped to judge its richness.

But the Catholic not only profits by being in touch with the spirit of antiquity; his faith makes him the subject of quickening forces that are not only of yesterday, but of all time and all men. Take for instance the Catholic's mass. The Catholic lives from mass to mass; it is the sun which regulates his existence. Love comes to a perfect, divine flower in the mass, and it is a truism that love is the greatest simple element in the make-up of the whole man. The mass is a grand epic perpetuating and reincarnating the divine story of our redemption; all the soul's faculties that yearn most intensely for noble things are satisfied in the mass. What has the Protestant, the agnostic world to offer as a means of culture that will equal the mass? Mrs. Humphrey Ward vouchsafes to

tell us; she would have us believe that the purple of the hills, the glint of the river does as much for man agnostic as the mass does for man Catholic. Fool that she is, she imagines that the light of God's eye, the halo of His head can strike up the energy within us that His very heart can. Or again take the Catholic theory of the soul. It teaches that unto every man is given a priceless treasure in his soul; that man's happiness for eternity hangs on the nobility or ignobility of that soul in this life. It teaches man to know that he has that within him which makes him a king, to consider that every neighbor is thus gifted. If this conception of human dignity were working in every man, the millenium would have arrived. The Catholic theory of the soul strikes at once the correct balance between the mechanic spirit which Carlyle condemns and that crazy individualism of which Carlyle himself is an instance. These are but two ideas of the grand Catholic system, by which man will have to be baptized before he can approach perfection. At first blush these truths would seem out of place in the editorial column, which is primarily addressed to students. Yet we see so many Catholic students, whose Catholicity is a pink tea, absinthe-blooded, affair, that we think the position of these remarks justified. The human side of Catholicity in this country is still in a crude state of evolution, and hence it is that many Catholics, especially those who own to social aspirations, are ashamed of their Catholicity on account of their ignorance of its thesauric character. They keep in the background that re-

ligion which flooded a Brownson and a Newman with a generous enthusiasm. By this course they earn the contempt of a world which always esteems a thorough-going, out and out man. But a man of halting purpose, in which class are Dresden china Catholics, is justly catalogued as of no positive force in the world. It has been well said by wise men that youth should have a purpose in life. It should be the consuming ambition of every Catholic student to become a centre, a propaganda of Catholic culture; this should be the focus of his hopes, a picture brightly blazoned on the sky, to lead him onward whether on the crest or in the slough of the wave. With this brave spirit, who shall put down the potentialities of youth, who shall set bounds to the ever widening horizon that youth looks out upon? And if a man's conduct touch at every point Catholic ideals, that man will be as truly all things to all men as was myriad-minded Shakespere; he will have solved by example the problem of reconciling the man who plays on the violin to the man that plays on the flute; he will have been true to himself, whence

“It follows as the night the day

Thou canst not then be false to any man.”

We should like to call our readers' attention to the article, “The Prompter,” appearing in this issue. The subject being concerned with the opera cannot be without interest; the more so as it raises the curtain to give us a glimpse at a personage almost unknown to the world, though often of prime necessity to the world's greatest actors;

—a personage about whom, moreover, very little has hitherto appeared in print. The article is from the pen of our music professor, Carl Hemmersbach, who has himself times and again witnessed at the Royal Theatre of Vienna the operas, to the world-famed success of which the late Mr. Hirt was so often an efficient though unappreciated aid.

THOMAS P. TRAVERS, '99.

ARCTIC EXPLORERS.

Bleak Northern Blast, in thy embrace we lie,
In rigor bold and fierce with thee we vie;
Forgot by men, but mourned by thy rough sigh—
We scorn the world and thee, and scorning—die.

D. A. B. '98.



EXCHANGES.

The least pretentious of our exchanges, THE AGNETIAN MONTHLY, has silently forged its way to the front rank of college journalism. Each succeeding number excels the last. "Things Worth Pondering About Literature" is holding our attention still, and it is to be hoped that the conclusion is yet some numbers distant. "A Picturesque Spot among the Alleghanies" and "A Christmas in the Southland" are credible attempts at descriptions of nature. "A Story and its Application" is a story in which beauty of diction and logical reasoning go hand in hand.

The variety of subjects treated in the ST. JOHN'S UNIVERSITY RECORD conspire to make this journal a most welcome exchange. In the December number we have fiction, literary and art criticism, quietly humorous sketches, and Christmas verse. However we should be pleased to see contributions in the RECORD signed; a signed article is always above suspicion.

As compared with its former self, there seems to be a perceptible falling in literary merit in the December ABBEY STUDENT. "A Wretched Doom" and "Two Christmases" are pieces of fiction hardly deserving an appearance in the STUDENT'S columns.

The VIATORIAN for December contains much that is good. "A Christmas Surprise," though written in smooth and graceful style, concludes

with a goody-goody "finding of a long lost son." Undoubtedly the fatted calf was killed, though the writer forgets to tell.

Our heart was big with forgiveness when, after staying or straying since October, THE GEORGETOWN COLLEGE JOURNAL put in its appearance. When it was fairly bulging out with so many good things, how could we but forgive it? An essay of the "Fourth Eclogue of Virgil" betrays a thorough acquaintance with the subject on the part of the writer. "According to Packachoag's Ways" is an exceedingly toothsome composition chiefly to be admired for its sweet simplicity and quaintness. There is even a deep vein of poetic sentiment throughout the whole, some passages fairly struggle to obtain in rhythm and rhyme. Little wonder that Molly was in the hearts of Packachoag's boys and girls, called the flower of Packachoag's green and looked upon as the bloom of eighteen of Packachoag's summers.

Our newest exchange, THE MOUNT, is filled for the greater part with stories, as a Christmas number should be. The authoress of "One Christmas at Randolph Hall" has our thanks for the entertainment her story afforded us.

The January PURPLE is up to its usual high standard. "My Last Adventure, A Narrative Found in an Old Chest," is a fascinating story written in imitation of Anthony Hope's "Prisoner of Zenda." "The Story of the Class Journal" is of more than local interest. The short paragraphs concerning the college World can be and are, no doubt, perused with pleasure and profit by the student body in general.

An essay of genuine worth appears in the ST. VINCENT JOURNAL on the influence of literature upon a nation. 'The essayist goes beneath the surface of things, and though our opinions may not exactly tally with his, still we give to him unstinted praise for his effort. "Carrying Coals to New Castle" is a sane and forcible paper on a certain question of the hour. "Hiram Todd's Summer School" continues to delight us. A more prominent place than that which it occupies should be given it.

We gratefully acknowledge the receipt of the following: The Church Progress, The Pilot, The Catholic Record, The Catholic Telegraph, The Rensselaer Journal, The Rensselaer Republican, The Catholic Herald, Our Boys' and Girls' Own, The Review, The Catholic Universe, The Ave Maria, The Aloysian, The Dial, The Fordham Monthly, The Holy Ghost College Bulletin, The Mission Indian, The Mount Angel Banner, The Mountaineer, The Mt. St. Joseph's Collegian, The Notre Dame Scholastic, the Sacred Heart Collegian, The St. Mary's Chimes, The Santa Maria, The St. Mary's Sentinel, The S. V. C. Student, The Boston College Stylus, The Tamarack, The Xavier, Our Young People, The Young Folk's Catholic Weekly.

FELIX T. SEROCZYNSKI, '99.

BOOKS AND PERIODICALS.

The twentieth Number of the AVE MARIA is a notable one. Bishop Spalding contributes one of his thought-pulsing poems; it leaves in large degree that feeling of rest which is so characteristic of his work and makes one conscious of an expanding of interior forces. Austin O'Malley's "Bits of Colored Glass" are very rich in this number. such as one might get by crashing a club through a rare old Munich stained window; it was quite a relief to run across them after gazing at the lustreless bits the Doctor gave us some weeks since. Mr. O'Malley has a knack of putting truth in a very strong light by using paradoxical comparisons such as this:

"We laugh at boys who would be famous ball-players rather than bishops, while we ourselves are toiling to be rich rather than Christians."

Another well-framed bunch of thoughts and happenings is the idyl by Dawn Graye. Those "Notes and Remarks" would be a feature in any magazine; in them the passing show is pictured with the skill of a man who, like old Ulysses, has seen many men and known their minds.

In a KLONDIKE PICNIC Miss Eleanor Donnelly has wrought a novel idea into a fairly artistic book. Apart from a disagreeable trick of dragging in incidents by the neck, willy nilly, the tale runs smoothly enough, and ends up as a Klondike affair should, with gold by the mineful. The small

boys in the picnic are as natural as we can expect a woman to make them. We read on page ninety-six:

“You bet, when Dick Hare was short-stop and tried to stop that big inshoot with his head—there was something wrong with the mask, and the ball broke every bone in his face!”

As every boy's face should be that wears a mask playing short; illogical youth will have scant regard for their faceless brother. If Miss Donnelly has any idle brothers, she ought to submit such technicalities to them: they own a wisdom riper in such matters.

The first thing likely to attract attention about this book is the mystical signs on the cover. One would think its ochre color and mummy design more indicative of life in a mosque than of the life around us people the book tells of. Benziger Bros., price 50 cts.

“LET NO MAN PUT ASUNDER” is a very well intentioned, but a very amateurish work. The plot hinges about that old as letters trick—a confusion of names. Of late this evidence of mild insanity had not crossed our orbit; which fact cozened us into a childish belief that its days of usefulness were over. A plentiful lack of wit is shown in the putting together of the story. Of the many excrescences that appear in the book, those awful homilies on the relation between science and the Church are the most vicious. If Esperance, who is otherwise very well drawn, really went about launching those vague little speeches concerning the “Quaternary Period” and like topics at unsus-

pecting people, it is quite beyond us how she got reputation for sweetness, cleverness, and general angelicalness. Granting however that Josephine Marie did have a few scientific booms to throw into the agnostic camp, it is scarcely fair to explode them amid a company of peaceable, soft-eyed novel readers. Then the characters are abominably conventional; they have a remarkable prejudice against doing anything unusual that almost rivals the noble self-restraint practiced by those wise wooden Indians one sees in front of cigar stores.

After so much censure it is a pleasure to say a few pleasant things about the book, though these virtues be mostly negative. In spite of its limitations the book leaves a fresh taste in the mouth, because, as we have remarked, its intentions, its ideals, are true. The writer has not been so foolish as to undervalue the green, old, Christian traditions; clings to the old-fashioned notion, which is so rapidly losing caste, that faith and conjugal fidelity are things worth prizing. As the title indicates the book's *metier* is to further the solidarity of the national unit—the family. Thanks are due to anyone who is prompted by generous zeal to further this noble end. Benziger Bros., price \$1.00.

ILLUSTRATED EXPLANATION OF THE HOLY SACRAMENTS, containing above three hundred pages is completer than any other book we know of written for the laity on this particular subject. It is written in a plain, pleasing style; intelligible to the unlettered and appreciable to the educated.

The catechetical part of the contents bears a close similarity to the respective part of Schouppe. The book is to be recommended to all Catholics as a complement and augmentation of the school catechism, while it will be a welcome aid to teachers and catechists. The ceremonies of the Church in connection with the Sacraments are fully explained often with reference to the practice of the early Church. The make-up of the book is plain but tasteful. One of its best recommendations is the fact that it is a product of the well known pen of Father Ferreol Girardey, C.S.S.R. Benziger Bros., New York. Price, 75 cents.

THOMAS P. TRAVERS, '99.

SOCIETY NOTES.

THE DARKTOWN MINSTREL COMPANY. The success with which the company met in the previous year has induced the boys to again present themselves in the character of native Africans for the amusement of their admirers. The company also possesses some talent in the way of specialties and instrumental music which will make a new and valuable addition to the program. The first exhibition will be given in the college auditorium most probably on Washington's Birthday; and later the Minstrel accompanies the College Battalion to Remington, Ind. At the semi-annual meeting held January 16, the following officers were elected for the ensuing season: Spiritual Director, Rev. B. Sommerhauser; Manager, E. Cullen; Assistant Manager, O. Holtschneider; Treasurer, B. Recker. WM. ARNOLD, '01.

THE ROYAL BOARD OF RALEIGH.

A pipe and a fire and a few good friends;
Such fate all the ills of a life amends
(When joined to the few other odds and ends.)
Then ho to the storm and the sifting snow,
And ho to all the winds that blow
To every fate a brave yo ho.

A glass in the hand and a log on the fire,
Sing ho to the voice of the Winter-god's ire
As he roars from his home in the ice-prisoned pole,
For joy ripples over the rim of the soul
That sing to the ring of the clash and chime
Of crystal glasses and crystal rhyme.

To all the merry fellows of the auld lang syne
We pass a laurelled loving cup of opalescent wine.
May their memory ever linger through shadow and shine
Full as green as is the gleam of the mistle-toe and holly
That crown the cups of Raleigh that are drained to all the
jolly
Boys that ever gathered round about the royal board of
Raleigh.

A poem read at the third anniversary club by the then vice-president. You will notice that the metre becomes rocky after the reference to crystal glasses. The defective metre is the fault of the vice-president, not of the glasses.

THOMAS P. TRAVERS, '99.

AT THE LAST MOMENT.

The Christmas play bearing this title was given under the auspices of the Columbian Literary Society, December 22nd, just before the students left for home. Action and passion are no great factors in the play, and therefore nobody sheltered great expectations. Admirable, however, was its success chiefly effected by good articulation and commanding stage presence. Every player had conceived his part well and rendered it accordingly. Mr. P. Kanney, on the whole, did justice to the principal part which he acted. However, he might have shown a little more passion, where the text demanded it, and sometimes the transitions from passion to sedateness, from despair to firmness, were rather abrupt. Mr. D. Neuschwanger often forgot that he was acting the part of an old tailor, and took martial steps. His features and gestures betray a good actor. Mr. W. Arnold in the character of seminarian and afterward priest showed education and refinement and commanded the persuasive language of a pastor of souls. All agree that he outdid himself. Mr. Mutch had a very clear voice, correct and easy movements. Sometimes a round of laughter was evoked by Mr. Cullen's action although his part as seducer was not of a humorous nature. He showed great tactics and always was ready with his evasive or witty answers when questioned as to his moral standing.

H. FEHRENBACH, '98.

OUR CHRISTMAS.

A Merry Christmas! Such is the well-known greeting heard a hundred times each year. Though it is made up of only three words, it embodies a depth of meaning surpassing any other greeting; for it spans not only all joy and happiness of earthly savor, but its train of thought reaches up to Heaven itself.

Christmas day at St. Joseph's was indeed a merry one. All were anxious to rise, for Christmas bells and Christmas wishes make us forget sleep and comfort. The festive day was opened by a solemn high-mass at 4.30. Father Augustine was celebrant, with Father Chrysostom as deacon and Mr. T. Brackman as sub-deacon. Father Chrysostom preached a fitting sermon, in which he nicely contrasted the darkness of the old testament and the pitiful state of fallen mankind with the light of grace and the powerful means of salvation brought down by the divine child.

The morning devotions being finished, the bell called to breakfast. All responded most willingly, for they knew that Christmas gifts were stored up for them.

The second solemn high-mass was at 8.00, Father Chrysostom being celebrant, Father Augustine deacon, and Mr. D. Brackman sub-deacon. Father Rector had a beautiful sermon on the great love of the new-born child; he also explained how easy it is for us to accumulate immense wealth

of good works, if we but stamp our trivial actions with the mark of pure love; that Jesus does not ask us to practice uncommon rigor, as He Himself and some saints did, but to do our works with a good intention is all Christ requires of us.

Palestrina, Witt, Piel, and Haller are our favorite composers in church music. Witt's famous "Missa Septimi Toni" was rendered at Missa in Nocte. At the second high-mass the choir sang Piel's "Missa Opus 45." Father Justin, director of the choir, did all in his power to make the singing successful; he succeeded indeed, more could hardly be expected of the choir.

The rest of the day was spent in various amusements. Some built a huge snow-man, others were treading the newly fallen snow, while others passed the time at play.

The climax of joy and merriment was reached in the evening. Some students, inventive heads, succeeded to make Christmas night uncommonly delightful. Since a play could not be given and a literary program seemed too serious for the occasion, they struck upon an entirely novel idea. Good old Santa Claus and his attendant were introduced to entertain the audience. Owing to its novelty the method was quite successful. But the novelty would soon have lost the attention of all, had not a lasting substance of merry fun sustained it. Santa Claus in the person of Mr. Herman Fehrenbach came upon the stage on a bicycle. He brought along a good supply of presents and a number of letters addressed to him by students. The ridiculously silly contents of these letters, but

more so extemporaneous jokes and ready actions of Santa Claus and his attendant evoked rounds of hearty laughter.

The program of Santa Claus was several times interrupted by recitations. This was necessary indeed, to give at least a little rest to the muscles of laughter. The Christmas poems recited by our junior students were well fitted for this purpose. Mr. I. Rapp's vocal solo with base drum accompaniment was the hit of the night.

Christmas evening again bore proof that the College Band is rapidly advancing under the leadership of Prof. Carl Hemmersbach. In a short time it will be the just pride of our college to have a band so able.

According to the expression of all its inmates, Christmas day of '98 was the merriest ever witnessed at St. Joseph's. Thanking all who helped to render it so pleasantly surprising, we hope to celebrate more Christmas days of this nature.

VITUS A. SCHUETTE, '99.

ACKNOWLEDGMENT.

Our readers are probably aware that Rev. F. Schneider, formerly a member of our Faculty, is at present staying at the Santa Rosa Infirmary, San Antonio, Texas, in order to improve his somewhat delicate health. Though residing at such a distance from us, he still cherishes a kind remembrance for his friends at Collegeville. Witness thereof is a valuable Christmas present, consisting of a large number of Mexican curiosities, which now attract considerable attention on the shelves of our museums. Among the more noteworthy articles in the collection are three Mexican idols, curious enough to gaze at, but still more interesting, if we consider that these things, attractive chiefly for their superlative and sublime ugliness, enjoyed the adoration of human kind; there are three beautiful statues of Mexican make; two pictures of feathers also made by native Mexicans; five ground opals; two stones containing Mexican opals in their natural state; one small ruby, and one tiny emerald; then we see a very odd, clumpy horned toad, or *Phrynosoma Cornutum*; one of those much dreaded tarantulas of the species *Mygale Henzu*; a trap-door spider, or *Cteniza Californica*; a scorpion, or *Arachmidæ Scorpio*; and a centipede, or *Scolopendra Martinans*. The Rev. donor has our hearty thanks for his kind donations.

We likewise gratefully acknowledge the receipt of a few handsome articles for our grotto. They are two foliated silvered candle-sticks donated by Mrs. T. Muinch, South Bend, Ind.; and a costly lamp of rare beauty together with a number of candles, presented by Father Mark as worthy Christmas gifts for the Divine Mother.

Whoever offers a liberal hand to increase the ornaments of our little sanctuary in the grove or to enhance the attractiveness of its surroundings may rest assured that he is gratefully remembered by the inmates of St. Joseph's and that the clients of Mary upon beholding such gifts will add to their prayers a devout ejaculation in behalf of the pious givers.

F. B. E. '98.



LOCALS.

The St. Joseph's Collegian extends "A Happy New Year" to all its readers.

All the students extend their sincerest thanks to the Rev. John Berg of Remington, Ind., for his kind feeling toward the College which he showed by inviting the boys to spend New Year's day at his residence. The trip was enjoyed greatly by all, especially since the weather turned in our favor. Our thanks also to our Rev. Rector, who gave his ready consent and was himself one of the company.

The students made the experience lately that by beer and sour water you can spend quite a congenial day. Of course, our doctor ought to know what is good for every body's health.

The religious students are very thankful to P. Chrysostom for a number of new games which he placed at their disposal. All these games, if played moderately, are very conducive toward refreshing and invigorating the mind for more serious work. But, remember, moderation!

On the eighth of December, the feast of the Immaculate Conception, it was quite appropriate that the Grotto should be blessed. The terrible blast from the north could not prevent that an orderly procession of students followed by the clergy proceeded to the spot. The warmth of devotion from within overbalanced the cold from without. The singers chanted the litany of all saints. On

account of the inclemency of the weather an address could not be expected. Since the eighth of December the Grotto has had many visitors, and they may well expect a reward for their visits.

After the enjoyment of a happy vacation the boys returned healthy and vigorous and are again taking up their class-work with a fixed purpose and a good will.

The actors of St. Xavier Hall are about to rehearse a German play to be rendered at the beginning of next month. It seems to be superior to any German play ever presented on our stage. We have no doubt it will amply requite P. Clement, their director, for all the pains he is taking.

The philosophy class has now proceeded to the very interesting study of Ethics.

Come to Neuschwanger for water-tight digging-boots. Soles guaranteed by Huber & Co.—Neither leaks, neither creaks.

The editor's motto: Do not take nonsense to the press; and if you do, see that it is suppressed.

When Julian was asked to give an example of a *Circulus Vitiosus*, he referred to the iris in Herman's left eye.

Some members of the natural philosophy class and a member of the art department tried to give an entertainment with the magic lantern, but they knew it would turn out to be a failure. So they called an audience into the hall and then explained that the magic just consisted in this that the lantern would not throw sufficient light.

Electricity holds indeed a prominent place in science. In Collegeville it now even begins to

rule the actions of the student body. At the rattle of electric bells which have been put up in the two principal buildings, every body stirs either to study, to recital in the class room, or to recreation. The hand bell for meals however exercises a greater influence than the attraction of electricity. The prefect remarked that we soon shall have elevators into each class room to avoid noise on the stairs; and Vincent is afraid that some electric contrivance is conspiring against his sweet slumbers after Aurora is already strewing her roses from the eastern sky.

Cob received a bar of soap from Santa Claus. What do you think he did with it? He sold it, and with the cash bought gun-powder. He says soap without a scrubbing-brush is of no use to him.

Call on Mr. Schmitter for a patent medicine to preserve a stentorian bass voice.

There are steps taken again to establish a glee club probably to alleviate the tediousness of wholly literary programs. An attempt at a vocal solo has lately been made by Mr. I. Rapp, and its success was complete. Nothing is more entertaining than programs interspersed with music.

On the 22nd of December music again furnished an integral part of the evening's enjoyment. Especially do we wish to express our appreciation and thanks to Messrs. J. Hemmersbach and P. Staiert for their highly entertaining duets.

With the advent of the new year some new faces have shown up in both study halls. Among the new-comers are Messrs. Alfred Hepp, Charles

Wetli, Peter Wahl, and Leo Bauer. Welcome, boys!

Messrs. T. Reitz, S. Kuhnmuensch, C. Heimbürger, G. Hartjens, and A. Weyman, all graduates of '97 and assistant professors at St. Joseph's during the scholastic year '97-'98, entered the seminary of the Community of the Precious Blood at Carthagen, O., September last. Since that time we have received almost as little news regarding them as though they were living in the far-away ancient city near the Mediterranean bearing the same name as a certain hamlet in Ohio, which boasts a seminary. Can it be possible that they are already so thoroughly imbued with the soul-uplifting maxims of philosophy as to be totally insensible to, and forgetful of, such earthly things as the Collegian, college life, and college students? Suppose our former esteemed editor should conceive a notion to send in some thoughtful article, such as he used to contribute to our paper, just to indicate that he still inhabits his mortal frame,—under what class of notions would he score this?

We learn that during the month of February eight theologians, C. PP. S., at the St. Charles' Seminary, Carthagen, O., will receive holy orders. The candidates have our sincere congratulation. At present a novena is being held by the students of St. Xavier Hall to implore the guidance of the Holy Ghost in so important an affair.

CRANE IS A GREAT RHYMSTER.

Charles S. Crane, the general passenger agent of the Wabash, is quite a poet, and has written many nice things. Recently he read the poem on the "Music of the Wheels," written by E. E. Coyle, for the Baltimore "Morning Herald," which runs as follows:

MUSIC OF THE WHEELS.

When you're riding on the railroad
At a mile-a-minute crack,
Do you ever note the rhythm
Of the wheels along the track?
Is there any great composer
Of sharps and flats and bars
Can equal in his cadences
The music of the cars?

Whether dashing through the meadow,
Or the tunnel's choking grime,
You will never hear them falter
From the measured beat of time:
Charging wildly 'mongst the mountains,
Or by the river's bank,
You will always find them playing—
Click-clickety-click-clank.

Every air that has been written
Since the day of wicked Cain
Finds a fit and perfect setting
In the rhythm of the train:
From opera to comic song,
From Patti down to Cline,
You can hum all sorts of ditties
While rushing down the line.

After reading the above Mr. Crane got his typewriter in order, and by screwing up the poetical lever ground off the following:

It's too bad to spoil the story
Told in cadence sentimental
But it's not so on the Wabash
With its famous "Continental."

If you are about to travel
Please note the following points,
The Wabash track is perfect
And you cannot count the joints.

In its wheels there is no music,
At a mile-a-minute gait;
And of course there is no rhythm
On a track that's up-to-date.

There is no measured beat of time;
In fact it can't be measured.
We beat our rivals every time,
A fact that should be treasured.



HONORARY MENTION.

FOR CONDUCT AND APPLICATION.

The names of those students that have 95—100 per cent in conduct and application during the month of December appear in the first paragraph. The second paragraph contains the names of those that reached 90-95 per cent.

95—100 PER CENT.

F. Kuenle, F. Seroczynski, T. Travers, E. Ley, W. Hordeman, W. Arnold, C. Rohrkemper, C. Uphaus, H. Horstman, E. Werling, B. Recker, P. Biegel, J. Mutch, O. Holtschneider, A. Bremerkamp, H. Plas, J. Seitz, J. Meyer, H. Wellman, F. Garity, J. Steinbrunner, O. Bremerkamp, A. McGill, W. Keilman, J. Wessel, H. Muhler, L. Dabbelt, M. Schwieterman, F. Wagner, B. Horstman, C. Hils, A. Junk, N. Keilman, F. Birren, E. Lassus; T. Brackman, E. Deininger, V. Krull, L. Linz, H. Seiferle, C. Miller, B. Staiert, M. Koester, S. Hartman, S. Kremer, A. LaMotte, X. Jaeger, L. Huber, E. Flaig, F. Steinbrunner, H. Knapke.

90—95 PER CENT:

C. Wills, C. Fralich, C. Peters, F. Theobald, C. Diemer, B. Nowak, S. Shenk, A. Schlaechter, T. Ehinger, A. Kamm, C. Hemsteger, W. Flaherty, L. Wagner, J. Birren, A. Birren; H. Fehrenbach, D. Brackman, I. Rapp, V. Schuette, C. Grube, C. Faist, C. Mohr, S. Mayer, R. Stoltz, D. Schneider, A. Schuette, L. Hoch, I. Wagner, F. Didier.